After THE FIRE THE BEST REMAINED

When God Almighty begins...

NJABULO CHRISWELL SITHOLE

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By

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AFTER THE FIRE THE BEST REMAINED

In this book I take you through a journey of my 30 days in hospital where I encountered unending grace, mercy, favour and goodness of God Almighty.

There are so many lessons to grasp in this book that will fire your faith up with the Spirit of God and help you see life from God's perspective.

Being in a position of having undertaken such a journey brings one very close to his Creator in a way that is exceptionally life-changing. I, myself did not come back from this experience the same.

On a rolling bed that symbolized a coffin and the cold theatre that symbolized a mortuary's cold storage. The symbols of death were many but the Life within was what counted the most.

Stay tuned as you daily reflect upon the lessons taught in every chapter which will prove to be essential for your faith walk.

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Chapter 1

SHIPPING

When a patient arrives in a new medical ward on a rolling bed. A group of nurses receive the patient. The nurses lift the patient from the old bed to the new bed prepared in the new medical ward. The nursing staff does this to signify that you are now admitted and fully under their care. As a patient, your entire medical information is accessible and can be editable by the new medical authorities in the new medical ward.

In life it happens that we face a time where we are vulnerable to new change, situations and circumstances for the sole purpose of our growth. Basically, it is a shift from one season to another which will require new adaptation skills, new thinking and new love. Remember that this new phase is there to further the agenda and to

intensify the reality of your God-given dreams, vision and goals.

Chapter 2

RECEPTION

As you are received in the new hospital medical ward with your old medical information attached. The new medical ward nurses authorized by the doctors in charge will seek to gather their own information where new tests will be done altogether. Basically to them you are a new intriguing, challenging and an extraordinary case.

It doesn't matter what information others have of your past, God Almighty has placed people to receive you regardless of your old records. Anyway who doesn't have an old record?

Someone out there will find a wife in what others have misused and love you the way you truly deserve. Defining yourself based on the "was" of your life is directly robbing yourself of the "is" and the “I am's” of your current occurrence. You

are an amazing phenomena for not even God counts your sins against you so forgive your mistakes, forgive your wrong decisions, forgive the hurt you caused yourself and if needs be forgive everybody unconditionally. Receive others the way you want to be received for that is the golden rule.

Chapter 3

CRITICAL VIEWPOINTS

I didn't personally understand why so many tests had to be done on me from the chest X-rays to the blood test , the gastroscopies and a lot more had to be done on me. I chose not to complain as there was a lesson to learn, I said to myself.

I then realised that Dr Zelda Henning had to make all these tests to find the common cause of my illness. Different diagnosis came from different results which lead her to two different treatments. One test showed the possibility of stomach ulcers and the other reoccurring TB. She tried both treatments on me as she observed my responses to the treatments carefully to no avail to my prevailing and worsening condition. She became perplexed by the situation at hand. She exhaustedly noted that I was too young to die and that she needed to seek help urgently.

We people tend to be impulsive and impatient that we hardly give time its purpose so much that we miss out on the beautiful, amazing, intriguing and challenging critical viewpoints of life. Every viewpoint has a perspective and every perspective has an influence to it and every influence has a spirit that serves as its source.

Do you have a problem? Sit down, shut up and take advice then decide. A lack of self-control in problem solving is what jeopardizes everything including your health. A lot of our family members, friends, and ourselves have impulsively made decisions that proved to be dreadful and which automatically lead us to misery and tremendous regret.

Chapter 4

GET OUT OF THE WAY

I have noticed while on my sickbed how families of other patients patronize and undermined the medical stuff without understanding the patient's condition at hand. How can you tell a physician how to heal you? Is it not the same pride that struck Nahaam, the very same high ranking captain of Lord's army who had an issue with leprosy? He inquired help from the prophet Elisha? A divine instruction was given to him to dip himself seven times in the Jordan River but due to his pride, he questioned the instruction and suffered longer. It wasn't until he humbled himself that he got healed of leprosy by doing exactly what was instructed of him.

Refrain from dictating how you should be helped by specialists. Let people who know the job do the job. It will not kill you to receive the

incredible, relieving help in full obedience and cheerful silence. Now this wisdom will serve you well if you take heed to it.

Chapter 5

PASSION IS FULFILMENT

Sitting on my hospital bed I watched nurses and doctors smile at their patients regardless of how much disgust the patients would excrete.

The urgency given to the patient's life was amazing and I thought to myself, “What selfless and amazing human beings are these?" I then asked myself whether they are called or is it just another fabulous, good paying job regardless of the job paying good. I felt that it cost more to them in consolation to myself, I greatly remarked. It is selflessly, pure and sacrificial to be this amazingly supernatural.

It is important to find what you are called for, what you're purpose to do and die to it countlessly for that is your fulfilment. It is the number of times you have served yourself fulfillingly in others that will matter at the end of the day.

Chapter 6

THERE IS PURPOSE TO EVERYTHING

Nothing on this earth and above the heavens is useless. Everything if you think deep everything has a unique purpose. More to purpose is season and more to season, is the Creator of it all.

The gloves worn by the nurses to protect themselves from any kind contactable infection are disposed whether the nurse wore them long or short. Once the nurse is done with what she had proposed to do with the gloves, they are disposed into a bin specifically designed to carry medical waste.

Whether you like it or not we are all purposeful, useful and are a vital enablement to life whether we choose to be negative or positive to the fulfilment of God's plan for our lives.

It is however much better to find your purpose than your purpose to find you at the end of your life.

Chapter 7

INSPIRING ISOLATION

I had to be isolated from the other patients until it was proven that I did not have severe Tuberculosis .The first hour of being away from everybody shut up my hope of ever finding life again. I was lonely, I missed the irritating noise, the loud steps of nurses along the corridors and the occasional laughs at silly jokes I shared with other patients. I could be seen through a glass that had incorporated a sliding door. My visitors had to cover their mouth with masks, wear body wraps and gloves. I felt like a terrible disease of great harm to mankind.

All my test came out negative but I was still coughing blood severely. I was raised up in a prayerful home and being isolated inspired praise and prayer again. I did not pray much in the New Year as I did in the previous year.

I don't regret nor hate the experience of being isolated in that ICU medical ward for the main reason that I knew that God Almighty wanted to talk to me. He had been calling and I haven't been answering as the New Year began.

Nobody talks to God Almighty more than a man on the verge of his death so the lesson here is to talk to God like a man on the verge of dying daily. It is necessary and very much freeing.

Chapter 8

WEAR GRATEFULNESS IN EVERY MICROSECOND

Every micro second on that sickbed in ICU was precious. When you hear that cardioscope interpret your pulse, you know immediately that's God saying to you "live on CHAMP!"

One morning a patient was rushed in. It took hours for the doctors and the nurses to stabilize her .You could hear the downward slope beeps of her cardioscope machine go silent then come back again severally. Boy! That scared the life out of me and made me appreciate every microsecond.

Well, you might have read a lot of messages about being grateful for life. You need to be hell grateful! For every microsecond because it is in those very microsecond that others are wiped out and their purposes are complete just like that.

Be grateful that your family hasn't gotten that call nor do they have to make a decision to pull out that life plug .Be grateful that your name isn't on today's collection list back to God Almighty. Your purpose here on Earth is not finished yet.

Chapter 9

YOU HAVE GOT TO HAVE SOME FAITH!

The hospital as a whole is probably wired to Heaven because everybody here has got to have some faith. From the doctors, the nurses, the patients and the visitors. Faith is in all is very fundamental.

Medical intelligence without faith is pure ignorance but medical intelligence with faith is pure wisdom like water exposed to the sun and evaporates back to the heavens.

I looked at my nurse one morning and I told her that I was leaving the medical ICU isolated ward and she said to me "Considering your condition and the medical facts. I will meet me again when I come back after 7 days in the same ward".

I had to make a faith decision. It was either I gave into her realistic narrative or I gave into a supernatural narrative. I chose my supernatural narrative without any doubt.

3 hours later my doctor told me that my TB results came back negative meaning my isolation in the ICU was medically pointless. That to me was one breakthrough, and she further explained my condition and what a mystery it was to her and that she was looking for further assistance.

I remembered my morning prayer about how I asked God Almighty for 40 more years and this breakthrough of results coming back negative served as a wink from God. I knew undoubtfully that God Almighty heard me.

Chapter 10

SEE IT AND CHANGE SOMETHING

Being in ICU has in many ways helped me to reflect on your life. You are given a bowl for your stools and a kettle-like stainless steel cup with a handle for your urine.

In the bowel, the one initiated for your stools. You are able to see the colour of your stools which therefore serves as an indication of blood in your stools or not. The colour of your urine also serves to notify whether there is blood in your urine or not. Both these excretes become a medical source for possible diagnosis.

In the years that you have lived. What are you manifesting as a result of the influences that you are constantly giving into? What are the implications of your actions and are you making

allowances for self-introspection and reconciliation if needs be?

Just like it is never too late to change your diet and treatment, it is also never too late to change the influences that have hold on you because at the end of the day you are what you eat.

Looking at the results of the influences that have you so strong. Are you becoming your imagined best or imagined worst?

Take a look at what influences you and how you influence others.

Life at the end of the day will measure your effectiveness by how much you have done with who you are and who you have become. Life will weigh your many decisions to yield to influences and not the influences that yield to you.

Chapter 11

WHY ARE YOU SO ANGRY?

Knowing well that cellphones were not allowed in the ICU. I secretly had mine hidden under my sheets and used it at any given chance that I got. When I went to theatre again for a gastroscopy, the remaining nurses found it hidden in my cupboard.

On my return I searched for my cellphone and I was told that it was confiscated by the head nurse. I was so angry that I didn't want to eat, talk to the nurses and to take my medication. I harboured hatred at the head nurse. I felt like she didn't understand that I had to keep in touch with my loved ones and this in a way was unfair.

It wasn't until my lovely girlfriend Stacey visited me in the afternoon and spoke some great sense into me that I began to eat, speak to the nurses and take my medication.

I was starving and perplexing my health condition over something I myself was guilty of doing.

There are times in life where our anger is pointlessly pathetic and useless but its outcomes are deadly, demeaning and harmful to others and ourselves.

How does your anger change the situation or challenge at hand?

Basically anger is giving total control to a situation or challenge. Whatever it is, it will have control over you so why not take your sanity back, your peace back and your happiness back?

Always confront the person who triggers anger in you with a purpose to reconcile, to forgive and to make peace with them especially if they are sensible and sober otherwise it is another fool causing a bad day for everyone and entertaining his or her craziness will make you crazy too so smile.

Chapter 12

IT IS ALL IN GOD'S HANDS

On the 9th of January 2020 after I signed the consent documents for my operation brought by my surgeon. My mom called me to ask whether she should sign too. I gave her a clear go-head. I remember saying to her, “If I don't do this operation, I will die from blood loss and if I do it, I might die too. Whatever happens from now is all up God Almighty mama ".

I cried for almost 2 hours, mourning my young life until I couldn't cry anymore. All I could do was reflect on my young life and trust God Almighty fully with my life. Nothing could add or take years from my life expect God Almighty.

Chapter 13

GOD ALMIGHTY HEARS PRAYER

It was on the 5th of January 2020 when I still in my isolated ICU ward with transparent window glasses and a sliding door. Later that afternoon, an aged woman was admitted just a few metres from my door and her cardioscope machine was on. In the evening, her heart rate began to fall and the machine made alot of noise. Her doctor was called. They closed her curtain and the doctor with the nurses began to work on her. You could hear the cardioscope signal her end and eventually gave a constant dead-out beep. The doctor came out from the curtain, threw his mask on the floor, signalled the sister to call the lady's family.

I was laying on my bed and in my heart I said , " Lord, if you want me back , take me at this very moment and if not ,make a way for me to live".

Next morning, my doctor walked in to tell me that I had to leave urgently to Pretoria otherwise if she keeps me longer in this hospital, I was going to die. Right there I knew that God Almighty heard me.

Chapter 14

THE FEAR ABOUT "PRETORIA"

If you are very sick and your doctor transfers you to Pretoria. Automatically to the black communities of your small towns and villages you are already dead. To them it is impossible to come back alive.

When you come back alive like me in 2020 after a heavy lung operation. They are pruned make a new bet that you won't live for the next 6 months. They were right. I wasn't supposed to be back especially if that black shadow didn't leave my isolated ICU room when my mom and paramedics came to fetch me to Netcare Pretoria. I knew that it was game over for me but somehow that black shadow walked out of my room, turned its head back to look at me then

looked straight ahead to exit the ICU ward. I cried knowing that I was given a chance to live again.

Chapter 15

THE MONEY CHASE IS FUTILE

Right next to me in the medical ICU ward was an aged millionaire who not once woke up. He was fed through pipes, bathed and changed on the bed. 24 hours and 7 days of the week, he was on a dialysis machine. Out of nowhere in the middle of the night , he would make loud groaning sounds as if he was burning while his wife and son visited him every day hoping that they would find him awake only to be disappointed daily as they cried back home. He would lay on that bed quiet and breathing through these machines.

I looked at this phenomena and saw the pointlessness of chasing money. That even with

the best medical care money can buy, nothing could save this man's life expect God Almighty.

Right at the far end from me was another father who came in the previous day. A bubbly man who brought much laughter in the ICU ward, who later woke up dead the next day. I didn't see his body being taken out as I was fast asleep. I marvelled at how happy this man was at the end of his life. What I discovered mostly is that this bubbly man was God-fearing. I envied his departure.

On the 22nd of January 2020, I was released from my ICU ward back into the normal wards as I had shown good and great signs of recovery. The millionaire father was taken to the high care intensive unit as he got worse.

Chapter 16

THE SWEET OLD NURSE

I encountered all young and middle-aged nurses with their various characters. Among the few that portrayed a mother's love was this old, short and white-skinned nurse who knew how to sweet talk me into complying with her instructions.

When I started being able to bath myself as a result of the help of my physiotherapist. This old nurse allowed me privacy to bath myself and to wear my boxers unlike the others who forced to bath me always. I hated it as it bruised my ego time and time again because my nakedness is sacred.

Later came younger nurses, who were young enough to be my young sister's peers under the supervision of this sweet old nurse. They too imitated her example and I was home.

Chapter 17

SHE LAUGHED AT ME

When my physiotherapist Eva and I began to do walks in the ICU ward. I struggled at first. I couldn't even walk a mere 100 metres but everyday proved to show progress.

While walking just at the end of the other patients beds, as I was to walk past a certain old lady. She looked at me, laughed and exclaimed that she could better than me. It hurt me and my physiotherapist asked me not to mind her critical spirit. Later that very afternoon when my physiotherapist came to help me exercise, I rose up from my bed and I was about to step down from my bed, I somehow blacked out completely. I woke up in theatre screaming from great pain. My male nurse was called to the scene to advice on what could stabilize me. He advised my surgeon and drug doctor on

morphine as I had been on it in the ICU. I was injected a dosage into my system and I calmed down within minutes. The x-ray on that very day stated that my remaining left lung had collapsed and from that day, I was put on a respiratory machine for 6 hours daily to revive my lung and to clean out underlying mucus.

The old lady who laughed at me was released back into the normal wards. I followed a few days after and was eventually discharged just a few more days after.

I went back to the Hospital after my 6 weeks treatment had finished for a check-up and because the staples on my wound needed to be removed. After my consultation with my drug doctor. I took into all the hospital wards I was taken into to greet my nurses. Guess what? The old lady who laughed at me was back in the ICU, now in an isolated ward and all she could do was smile at me. I felt so sorry for her.

You don't know people's stories yet you are quick to laugh, mock and ridicule them. Don't let life charge you for your ignorance and impulsiveness. Things are not as you see them. Ask before you act.

Chapter 18

PATIENCE WITH ONESELF

It stunned me on the 12 of January 2020 when I regain consciousness that I didn't have strength to do anything let alone feed myself and that I had to depend on the help of my nurses.

At first I could hardly sit up on my bed and when I could sit up on my bed, I discovered that I couldn't stand on my own feet and when I could finally stand on my feet, I couldn't walk and when I began to walk, I discovered that I couldn't walk fast and when I walked fast, I discovered that I couldn't run and when I could run, I was satisfied.

There were days where I wanted to quit, where I felt discouraged and where I cried silently the whole day. Feeling sorry for myself was not going

to help me at all. I had to embrace the chance given to me to live again.

When I could cover the whole ICU ward without getting tired. My physiotherapist started walking with me into the many corridors of the hospital so much that I knew the paths in my head. When I could walk faster, we started climbing stairs slowly then increased pace moderately. When I was released from the ICU ward, I began to train beyond her sessions, I was exercising, walking hourly and drinking alot of water.

My physiotherapist noted that I had healed and recovered faster than many of her other clients because I had a fire burning inside me. Well, I miss her encouragements.

I first saw the outside of Pretoria East Netcare hospital on the 26 of January 2020 when my mom's cousin fetched me for lunch during my hospital arrest after being admitted on the 5th of January 2020. For a whole 21 days, I was inside recovering daily.

Chapter 19

I WILL NEVER FORGET GOD ALMIGHTY

I went for my check-up after my 6 week treatment was finished and the staples on my back had to be removed too.

I took a walk into the ward I was admitted in, went down the hall to theatre then to the ICU ward then back to the ward where I was discharged to remind myself of God's goodness. For a minute I, myself didn't believe that I was in that very hospital.

The scars on my back serve as a remembrance and testimony of God's goodness towards me.

Chapter 20

REFER & ENDORSE

My general practitioner Dr Mkhwanazi wasn't around when I was referred to Midmed hospital by his assistant doctor, on arrival I was received by Dr Zelda Henning on behalf of Dr Senamela who seeked to stabilize me and to do her findings on my condition. She repeated tests to make sure that her suspicions were correct. Without wasting anytime she transferred me to a Professor Gerhard Ras in Netcare Pretoria Hospital who did not waste any time upon viewing my results from the new tests that he made. I was then referred to a surgeon by the name of Doctor Hugo Sarli who later operated on me to remove the cavities discovered on my left lung in that very process I was referred again to an infectious disease Doctor by the name of Weil Seiling, who made

sure that I got the right drugs furthermore a Physiotherapist by the name of Eva was assigned to me to help me walk and breathe sequentially again. Regardless of all these specialists, it was the kind nurses, encouraging cleaners and security guards that infused an overall recovery journey.

I am healed as result of God's intervention using these dedicated doctors, nurses, cleaners and security guards, who unawarely built a value chain by referring and endorsing each other as all of them had my best interest at heart.

You are a specialist at something and the day you find something challenging beyond your capability and capacity. It will be best for you to refer and endorse someone who can do the job to the person at your request.

You will not be able to refer and to endorse if you don't learn to network and to be intentional about building a value chains with others.

To be known you must be willing to make others known too. Remember to always go back to whoever referred you to appreciate them, for appreciation itself is a reciprocity charm.

Chapter 21

SOMEONE IS ALWAYS LISTENING

A young Zulu speaking man was sent to draw out blood from me. He tried severally to find my veins and when he eventually found a vein it did not give him enough blood.

A rude, impatient and mature female nurse was deployed to assist this young Zulu speaking man while she was working on my hand trying also to find veins she kept on complaining in Setswana. She thought I could not hear her as my surname and name was common among Zulu speaking people. The bad news for her was that I was multilingual.

Meanwhile a Setswana speaking friend of mine called me and I spoke in Setswana using the Mamelodi dialect with her realizing that I knew

the language. She kept quiet and realised that I heard everything.

It is none of your business to comment or to gossip about someone else even in a language you think they do not know or understand. It is that very bad habit of murmuring and talking at random in pursuit to spite, ridicule and undermine others that will get you in trouble and that will cause you to miss out on a lot of things. Don't sabotage yourself, bite your tongue and speak well of others.

May your words seek to build, embrace, encourage and heal anyone that hears them. Deeply with all sensitivity understand that someone is always listening.

Chapter 22

DOWNSTREAM OCCLUSION

I was observing my drip for a few days. Every time I disturbed the flow of the fluids coming into my veins, the Agila machine that facilitates the speed of the fluids coming into my veins would make a loud beep sound that alerted the nurses that, I the receiver have either disturbed the machine or the fluids are depleted and there's nothing more to transfer downwards. Every time I moved my hand around, the one connected to the drip, the beep sound would come up and when I kept my hand still in one position the beep sound would disappear and the system would illuminate a proper flow diagram.

There are times in our lives where we experience a downstream occlusion. God being the Source, Jesus Christ being the Facilitator Agila machine

and the Holy Spirit being the vessel tube that connects into us. The downstream collision is caused by us when we give into influences that shift us into ungodliness, influences that move our focus from God Almighty and grieve the Holy Spirit within us.

Note that nothing is wrong with God the Giver, Jesus Christ the Facilitator and the Holy Spirit the Vessel but us the receivers of the overflowing grace.

God's work is done, Jesus Christ’s work is done and the Holy Spirit’s work is done. We are just out of position to receive as a result of our own decisions to be out of position.

Repentance is what clears the downstream occlusion and moves us back into the overflowing position of God's abundant Grace.

Adam knew about this downstream occlusion when God Almighty couldn't find him in the position of abundant Grace where He had placed him.

Chapter 23

SHIFTING THE BLAME

I started coughing blood in in 2013 and the first person to see me cough and vomit blood was my father. When he witnessed this happening to me, he cried bitterly. After taking a few cough syrup I suddenly healed and the coughing stopped.

In 2015 around July after my father had healed from a stroke attack while I began coughing and vomiting blood again. I went to several doctors who gave me various diagnosis and I was given medication yet none of it seemed to help my struggle. In my dear struggle to finding life again. I was taken into deep sleep where I dreamt off a beautiful shiny and gold snake coming out of the river going up into the tall bushes and at the end of the bushes, I saw myself on the back of an old man that carried me to the open road. As a result I woke up to the presence of my father and told

him the dream. He looked at me and said that I was healed. Funny enough at that exact time the vomiting and coughing of blood ceased completely.

The vomiting and coughing of blood reappeared in 2018 in the month of April. Little did I know that the vomiting and coughing of blood would be severe that I had to be admitted to Midmed hospital. It was Dr Chawhumba who referred me to a specialist in Mediclinic Pretoria. The medical aid had failed to authorise the medical procedure due to insufficient information. I then pleaded with my specialist to prescribe helpful medication and to put me on TB treatment as a trial run.

I went back home and took on the TB treatment for the next six months. Vomiting and coughing of blood ceased in less than a month.

I begin again to vomit and cough blood in December 2019 and this time it was very severe. I decided to hide this occurrence from my family

as I wanted to appear on the crossover event that was scheduled to be on the 31st of December 2019 at Themba Senamela stadium. I had to execute this task.

On the 2nd of January 2020 I admitted myself into hospital with the advice of Dr Mkwanazi's assistant.

In a nutshell throughout this whole time. I was blaming my father for my sickness as it coincidentally began in 2013 .The same 2013 where my grandfather's children started reaching out to us for reunion and my father's car burnt out nowhere almost killing my entire family. My father wanted nothing to do with the reunion stating that his father, my grandfather had not paid dowry for his mother and that he would no way reconcile with his siblings and stepmother without the proper procedures being carried out.

I for one was driven by the excitement of having to discover my grandfather's family and getting

to know my real surname, my roots and to trace generational inheritances of blessing and curse which my father didn't deprive me of finding out.

It was after my father's passing in 2017, on my hospital bed that I realised that he had a point and things needed to be done right. I harboured unnecessary resentment towards my father as a result of my lack of understanding of the entire situation and he was nowhere for me to call and say that I was sorry. Being the man that he was, I knew that my dad understood, understood that I did not understand and wanted me to find out that very truth myself.

There are times in life where we just draw conclusions on things that we don't have the full picture on. We take things by emotion and we are so quick to render a judgement while we are failing to see things from the perspective of the accused. We linger so much on the side of the accuser and support the accuser to the point of destroying the accused. I myself found myself guilty of that and I was very, very sorry.

In a nutshell, my father had nothing to do with my sickness. It was my portion of adversity and a test of my faith in God Almighty.

Chapter 24

I WOULD NOT GIVE IN

In the midnight hour on the first day I was released back into the general hospital ward. I had a strange encounter with an evil presence that profoundly stood against God Almighty. This evil presence offered me riches, fame and long life. In the midst of me refusing its offer profusingly so. It stretched itself towards and touched me. I instantly felt no pain in my body , took off my drip and went to the toilet to pee while it continued to flatter me and giving testimonies of the lives of the many I knew who served him , exaggerating out of portion the fruits of their devotion to that very evil presence . I walked back into my bed observing that the door to my ward was completely shut and the other patients were fast asleep. I continued to profusely reject the evil presence's offer. The evi presence pulled its hand off me, swore at me and left. I screamed, cried and pressed my remote for

help as excruciating pain fell on me. Nurses came rushing to my assistance to calm me down and to put my drip back.

I refused profusingly the offer of the evil presence because I knew that the devil offers you what is destined to be yours quicker in pursuit to draw worship from you and to use you in his plan of destruction. I was well equipped for the test and I in all circumstances exalt God Almighty.

I was offered the world's riches, fame and long life by some evil presence that overshadowed my hospital room during the midnight hour. I rejected that very offer profusingly on my hospital bed. I don't want that, that's too common and too pathetic. In fact, most men want that. I want His Kingdom, His humility, His goodness, His wisdom and His love even it costs me this current life.

Chapter 25

WHAT MEASURE OF LOVE IS THIS?

I never donated blood in my entire life. Guess what? I needed 8 pints of blood as I lost a lot of blood in my coughs. It was the very blood others donated that kept me through the operations and procedures in January 2020.

To even think that strangers all over this country thought of a stranger like me who one day would need blood brings tears on my face. You don't come back from such selflessness expressed to you and live a selfish life - you can't at all.

We are as we are because of someone else's selflessness then why pursue selfish and self-centred lives?

Every single day, let us teach ourselves to lay down our own lives for others. The peace and fulfilment that comes from selflessly giving

ourselves and off ourselves can't be found in the pursuit of riches.

When we die daily to self , we echo to God Himself for He gave first and seeing what love we have for Him expressed to our fellow men pleases Him deeply - that's how you romance God's heart .

When you selflessly give to someone. You answer prayers of more people. There is no way that yours too will not be answered.

The most successful man is he who helps fulfils the dreams of others. Because of his enabling selflessness, God Almighty is exalted.

Selfish people gain and die. Selfless people give and live forever.

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Total gratitude and honour is due to God Almighty who ceases not to enlighten us in matters concerning our lives. It is totally by His gracious loving-kindness and favour that such a project has come to pass through my hands. I am indeed humbled.

I am grateful to the various doctors, specialists' nurses, cleaners, porters and security guards both from Midmed Hospital and Netcare Hospital Pretoria for your dedicated service to the preservations of my young life. May God extend a double portion of the very goodness you poured to Him through my life.

The unconditionally support from my family, best friend, friends, business partners, brothers and sisters in the faith and mostly you the reader as a pursuer of truth and wisdom. Thank you so much and my God Almighty abundantly bless you.

Dear reader

I have openly and peacefully accepted God's call and gift upon my life to edify the Church and to impart knowledge and wisdom as it is transmitted to me. For years I have operated as the world operated in regards to distributing knowledge and wisdom. It wasn't until I came to full repentance due to a divine instruction given to me as a steward of knowledge and wisdom.

Such material and many more are available free of charge as PDF's for your smartphones and physical books for traditional readers (Depending on the availability of partners/donors).

Should you wish to partner with me in any form of giving or should you wish to invite me at your gathering as a speaker. You are more than welcomed to contact:

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"Not so with you. Instead, whoever wants to become great among you must be a servant of all the others". – Matthew 20:26

May God bless and enlighten you in all his unlimited ways.

Yours faithfully

Njabulo Chriswell Sithole